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HYMN.

Check at their fountain-head
O God, the streams of strife!—
Nor let misguided man rejoice
To take his brother's life.

Strike off the pomp and pride
That deck the deeds of war,
And in their gorgeous mantle hide
The blood-stained conqueror.

To history's blazoned page
Touch the pure wand of truth,
And bid its heroes stand unveiled
Before the eye of youth.

Press by each quiet hearth,
The gospel's peaceful claims,
Nor let a Christian nation bless
What its meek master blames.

So shall the seeds of hate

Be strangled in their birth,

And Peace, the angel of thy love,

Rule o'er the enfranchised earth.

L. H. S.

THE SOURCE OF ARISTOCRACY.

BY W. H. Y. HACKETT.

The cry against an aristocracy, in this country, is sufficiently loud and general. If due discrimination bore any reasonable proportion to the bitterness with which it is opposed, there would be little danger that it would get much foothold. But this cry, however boisterous, is not always sincere. It is sometimes raised by the demagogue as the most available means of making himself a part of that aristocracy which he professes to oppose. It is sometimes raised by those who hate the few more than they love the many. And those who raise it with only honest purposes and right feelings, are frequently led by men more intent upon serving themselves, than the cause of humanity.

That aristocracy which injures and degrades the community, has its source and support in the passions of the people. It rises as the people fall. Its power is another name for the lack of self-control in the mass. Most of the aristocracies of Europe, so repugnant to the feelings of this country, had their origin in War. Wars long continued, like those in Europe, transfer the gradations and discipline of the army to civil institu-

tions and social relations. When the multitude are hired at six dollars a month to engage in the business of human butchery, and a few generals are paid a thousand dollars a month to tell them where and how to kill, no one can expect that the police and grades of the army will cease when the war is over, unless he look at the nation as an abstraction and forget the element of which it is composed. That living, dying and battered machine, an army, is an index of the nation to which it belongs. And whatever it may do abroad, its existence tends to aggravate the inequalities of wealth and of social position at home. It imposes more burdens than it removes. It occasions more wrongs at home than it redresses The passions in which wars originate make servants of the multitude and masters of the few. This has always been their effect in Europe. How many toiling millions are there who are deprived of the necessaries of life to pay for old wars, to pay for gratifying the passions and maining the bodies of their ancestors? The real clog which obstructs Europe, while America is prospering, is the national debt and the aristocracies which have grown out of wars. One class is exempted from the wholesome discipline of labor, while the other is deprived of that hope which should always sustain it.

Now there is nothing in our Constitution, nothing in our law of liberty in the abstract, nothing in our hatred of aristocracies, which will alter the tendency of war. War has its own laws and will produce its own results. It is not monarchies that have made war, but wars have made monarchies. A republican people, when they declare war against another nation, war against their own principles. In short, peace, and an exemption from the burthens and demoralizing inequalities which wars occasion, are indispensable to the existence and development of Republican principles.

Portsmouth, N. H. Nov. 20, 1845.

SHOOTING A SOLDIER.

BY D. W. BARTLETT.

Campbell, in his letters from Algiers, relates the following affecting description of soldier-shooting; an instance of which he witnessed:—

"Troops of cavalry came down from the Kasbah, with trumpets blowing as gaily as if it had been a miltary triumph, and a regiment of infantry marched beside us out of the city gate. We passed the prison where the victim was confined, and Lagondie pointed out to me the grated windows of his apartment, through which he was listening to the last music he was ever to hear in this world.

Shortly we reached the ground where his fate was to be enacted. We took our stand on the top of the lime rocks, whilst the troops, one thousand in number, formed three fourths of a square on the plain beneath.